

Kenyon College

Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange

The Kenyon Collegian

Archives

12-1-1888

Kenyon Collegian - December 1888

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digital.kenyon.edu/collegian>

Recommended Citation

"Kenyon Collegian - December 1888" (1888). *The Kenyon Collegian*. 1273.
<https://digital.kenyon.edu/collegian/1273>

This News Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Archives at Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Kenyon Collegian by an authorized administrator of Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. For more information, please contact noltj@kenyon.edu.

The Collegian.

Devoted to the Interests of Kenyon College.

VOL. XV.

DECEMBER, 1888.

NO. 6.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
EDITORIALS	55
DON COB	58
DE GUSTIBUS NON EST DISPUTANDUM (<i>A Poem</i>)	59
KIND WORDS (<i>A Poem</i>)	60
LOCALS	60
AMONG THE COLLEGES	63

TERMS.

\$1.00 per Year in Advance.

Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Entered at the Postoffice at Gambier, Ohio, as Second Class Matter.



VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

The Collegian.

Devoted to the Interests of Kenyon College.

VOL. XV.

GAMBIER, O., DECEMBER, 1888.

No. 6.

EDITORS:

HENRY J. EBERTH, '89, - - Editor in Chief.
DAVID F. KRONACHER, '89, - Business Manager.
FRED. W. HARNWELL, '89, - Exchange Editor.
H. A. LOZIER, JR., '90, - - Local Editor.
S. M. GRANGER, '90, - - Literary Editor.
R. B. HUBBARD, '91, - - Personal Editor.

All communications, contributions, and other matter for publication should be sent to H. J. Eberth, Editor in Chief.

Business letters should be addressed, and all bills made payable to D. F. Kronacher, Business Manager.

TERMS, \$1.00 PER YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Editorials.

THE latest development in the field of college literature is the organization of a new paper to be called the *Collegian*. It is under the management of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association. It is intended to be representative of no particular region or any set of colleges, but of the American undergraduates as it openly avows. Its aim is worthy and laudable and deserves the greatest success. The general size of the paper is promised to be that of Lippincott's, and its contents varied and interesting. A marked feature will be the publishing of prize essays, stories and poems, open to free competition among all the students in the land. The prizes are very substantial and worth the effort necessary to win. Here is a splendid opportunity for those whose talents and labors are too valuable to be put on the Kenyon COLLEGIAN. By crystalizing their lofty thoughts and learned

opinions and by sending them to the *Collegian* of the East they may now confer a lasting benefit upon the multitudes beneath them.

* * *

THE grading system in American colleges is still in an unsettled condition, as it promises to be for some time to come. It seems to gravitate, however, toward the abolition of honors and honor grades. A great deal of dissatisfaction has been aroused in some places by the system of giving grades, yet keeping the students in complete ignorance of the position they occupy, whether above or below the passing grade. The argument is that if a fellow finds he is just below the water level, knowledge of that fact will act as a spur and make him struggle hard enough to keep from easy and unconscious drowning. Or, on the other hand, if a fellow knows he is dangerously close to going under, a timely warning of that fact will make him tread water like a demon. Thus the imparting of such information, say once a week, may keep many a fellow from going down. Such is the argument as it is offered by the students, and it clearly has some force; yet it is entirely doubtful that the clamor of students can ever make any faculty give way, contrary to their superior judgment. Half of the pleasure of this life for a college professor consists in "sticking" men for examination and it would be both cruel and unjust to rob him of that privilege.

* * *

THE time is coming now when the freshie will go to see his "paw" and his "maw" and to tell them of his marvelous deeds of prowess and of the honor which

he is shedding upon the institution he is attending; when the Sophomore will saunter carelessly homeward and drop in for a moment to see that things are going well at the paternal mansion; when the Junior, wreathed in killing smiles and the consciousness of past achievements, will confer a favor upon his friends and family by making inquiry concerning their health, and spending most of his valuable time at the ball and the German; when the Senior will leave his cares and trouble behind him, to hold high carnival in the tenantless chamber, leave the fast fading page and flickering light and seek his pleasure and recreation in sober retirement. All alike are ready to enter the short season of rest.

Now is the time to make resolutions for next term; next term when it really comes will be the time to carry them out. In fact it will be time for a general regeneration; a mending of ways that are crooked and habits that are offensive; an adoption of gentlemanly air and behavior in truth as well as in name. Each year, yea each day and hour, should see some good accomplished and some new good attempted. May the spirit of progress pervade each throbbing heart and mind.

* * *

It is somewhat curious to watch the play of the human mind when matters of a certain character are presented to the view. An article has been written; it appears in the columns of some paper; it is read with interest; it has an object in view; it makes the point and does its work. Now observe what happens. Everybody asks, "Who wrote that article?" and nobody knows. Great mystery. No questions are asked concerning its accuracy; nothing concerning its truth or the aim of the composer. Its author must be found and upon the character of the writer depends in a measure the judgment of the reader. Otherwise it is founded on his personal weaknesses and prejudices.

The weakest minded are the loudest in

the cry. What matters it that the article has cost time, thought and investigation? What matters it that the truth is but partially stated and is thereby deprived of half its ugliness? What matters it that justice and right form the basis of its every conception? Nothing at all.

The question arises, what is a college paper for? Is it to pamper our self-conceit and laud our virtues? Is it to hide our faults, yea and make virtues of them? Is it to do the wrong and leave the good undone? If not, what then is it for? The students of a certain college in the East have been cut from the escort roll of many of the best young ladies in the community. Why? The organ of that college declares with the bitterest sarcasm that the action is causeless and silly, and is, after all, a loss to the ladies and a positive gain to the students. But who believes it? The students alone. Here then is food for thought. A college or a seminary, is indeed a world in itself, but is often an exceedingly narrow one, and there are many other worlds beyond its pale.

* * *

In glancing over our exchanges we are at once struck with some differences in existing conditions in college communities, as opposed to the general and prevailing similarity. In our last number we tried to make it plain and comprehensible to the average mind at least, that any contributions to the columns of the COLLEGIAN would be gladly received. There is not only the desirability of such contributions, there is also a positive demand for them. No paper that pretends in the slightest degree to represent any institution like this, or any other, ought to be the work of one man or two men, or half a dozen. Every man should contribute a share to the general result. The division of labor is a principle which belongs not alone to political economy; but unfortunately it has been brought to a higher state of perfection there than anywhere else. The principle is always admitted but rarely practiced.

Some of our exchanges find it necessary to issue a supplement now and then, and often suppress matter for lack of space. Ye gods that tread the Olympian hills, what an Elysium that must be! A superabundance of material? Waft us thither, Kings of Space and Time, and build walls around us a thousand miles in height, to keep us there forevermore.

A comparison in management is always instructive. Their editors are elected after having made application and passed a test. They must work or their heads are chopped off with dispatch. The COLLEGIAN was started by the Senior class of '87, but has passed into the hands of the fraternities, as everything inevitably does. The editors are thus virtually self-appointed, and have to pass no examination or test. The man who finds fault with the representative character of the paper, has his own fraternity to blame and nothing else. A change in management might very possibly be beneficial. This question ought to be settled by the students themselves; they are the ones concerned. These columns are theirs and are open to the expression of their opinions.

* * *

THE political situation is always a favorite theme for the moralizer and the dreamer, now that the excitement and passion and strain are over. The voice of the sage and prophet is heard throughout the land, in the familiar strain, "I told you so." There are downcast men with forbidding aspect. For them the present outlook has no joy, no hope. Life is blasted, the future a record of woe. The country has cast a blot on the clean, white page of history and made the goddess of virtue and progress blush like the orb of day rising from its bed in the horizon. Aye, the nation is going to the dogs, and the birds of prey are already feeding upon her festering entrails. The mournful note of the raven, bird of disaster, and the croak of the tuneful frog unite in a dreary and dismal lamentation, as when the

prophet of old raised his voice and wept at the unrepentance and shame of the children of Israel. The wheels of progress, the tide of civilization, the march of science, the flight of poetry and theology, pet phrases of the multitude, are vain and empty symbols; bodyless creatures of a distorted fancy. The reign of corruption and of reeking filth has again cursed the nation's short history. Altogether, the situation is simply dreadful and horrible. Thus croaks the disconsolate mourner, the Democrat. But the jubilant Republican is none the less obnoxious or ridiculous. He can now fill his lungs with the bracing air of freedom, and dilate his nostrils with scorn of further danger. "As when Miriam went forth with timbrel in hand to shout over Egypt's dark sea, the freedom of her people," so now the uproarious Protectionist goes forth with the laurel in hand to shout into the ears of honest, law abiding citizens, the liberty of his countrymen. The terrible danger has been averted; the wheels of progress, the tide of civilization, the march of science, the flight of poetry and theology are no fictions. Aye, the country is safe again for another four years, until the dragon comes again.

These (with slight exaggerations) are the representative sentiments of the two great parties. But both will have to come down from their somewhat ethereal and celestial positions. We look around us and we still see the interchange of good and bad, both in the same proportions as before. The prevailing tendencies even, seem to bring us no nearer the ideal state, and speculation falls flat and profitless.

* * *

The question of choir privileges is again brought to the front. It seems that the members of the choir ought to have some remuneration for their services. Let the faculty make their presence at prayers optional, and the choir will at once be reorganized and better singing will be the result. The monitor and organist are both paid, and why cannot the choir have some privileges?

DON COB.

On Front Street, Cincinnati, there was a long block of brick houses whose appearance gave evidence of a ripe age. At the end toward Pendleton there lives Donald Paterson, the cobbler. Donald had emigrated to this country in the prime of life, a handsome fellow whose countenance gave evidence of truth and honor. He saw hard times in this new land. Instead of wealth, Donald met poverty; instead of happiness, misery; instead of a wife and children to cheer his old age and drooping heart he had only their memory which he cherished with a father's love.

Can you wonder then that this wrinkled faced, short, and labor bent person could be Donald Paterson, of Edinburgh? Yet such was the case. In his dingy room, the walls black with coal soot and decked here and there with sundry theatrical bills, "Don Cob," as he was called, sat on his bench his head resting upon his thin, rough hands, gazing abstractedly at a pile of unmended boots. Those eyes were still bright; their soft grayness cast a gentleness upon those wrinkles. Gradually a tear forms and trickles down his cheek. 'Tis strange how boyhood days burst from the eyes of the old, how memories of the past ooze from those crystal spheres; and probably that second tear was pushed out by a monstrous idea he had formed.

But suddenly in bounces a boy, ragged, his face clean, hair half conquered. "Hello, Don Cob!" almost shouted the boy, "I've come for father's boots." Don's face brightened, he brushed away the tear as though ashamed of it and greets his visitor with a cheery "good morning," and proceeds to find the boots. "What are you crying about Don Cob?" asked the boy, his ruddy face turning a serious glance upon the cobbler. "I was thinking that it would be well for the boys to be taught a little and I mean to try it myself. Would you like to learn to read all the circus bills and newspapers, and

the books telling of the beautiful places and great people?

"I should say so! When 'll you begin?" Then the boy's eyes flashed with eagerness. Ready to commence at once, willing to do every and anything just to get started. Oh! what fun he would have telling the other boys about the pictures on the fences and the grand people. He was doomed to disappointment. Donald wanted to teach all the boys, not him alone. He was like the fellow whose eagerness to see prompted him to climb the wall, but he fell down on the other side and being unable to get out was caught.

Donald told him, "Bring all the boys that you can get to come here at three o'clock and we'll see about school." So away went the boy and boots.

Now the teacher had no books nor had he any means of getting any. Borrow? Whom could he borrow from? Buy? He had no money. Finally his craftiness discovered a plan. There were the posters. He could procure those, and here was a starter.

In the meantime our boy friend Charley Thompson had turned the affair over in his mind. Would he or would he not have the other fellows in that scheme? He wouldn't get any benefit if all went in, for then they would know; but if he alone knew, how glorious it would be to tell his fellows what the bills meant. How they would look upon him with envy. But his better self conquered. He mustered as many boys as he could and had great trouble in keeping them from appearing at Don's before the appointed time. Each with his face somewhat cleaner than usual, counted the dragging moments until the great church bell rang for afternoon service. In they went, all filled with wonderment, half scared, debating whether to run out or to stay. At last Don Cob spoke, bidding them to sit down in such a kind, gentle way, that their fear seemed to disappear instantly. "Boys, I asked Charley to bring you all here this afternoon to find out if you wished to learn to read. Now does every one of you want to

learn to read?" A general nodding of the heads and a half audible yes, made Don proceed.

Well, everything must have a beginning and you all must learn the letters, and if you'll get me some bills off the fences, I'll show them to you. Come here at nine to-morrow morning. Don't forget the bills."

Off scampered the boys. My how those bills were torn down. A hungry tramp never tackled a pie with more ardour than the boys their bills.

Tim Flannigan and Pat Sullivan had both seized the same bill. "'Tis mine" exclaimed Tim. "No, 'taint," cried Pat. "You afraid to pick it up," forced Tim. "You lie," yells Pat. "Your another," replies Tim, and these piping urchins set upon each other with a zeal worthy of an Irishman. As soon as they got to fighting, up came Mike Kelly. This worthy fellow ran off with the bill and the fierce wrath of the fighters was turned upon him. As he was larger than either, he could safely tackle either singly, but he dumbfounded his pursuers by turning around and laughing in a very hearty manner. They laughed, but could not tell the reason, and the fight ended.

The next morning Don's small shop had its floor heaped with bills. Each was ready to return for more, but Don forbade them as he had enough. Don calmly watched bundle after bundle deposited, and was very much delighted with the first day's work.

Don worked hard, he spent most of the afternoon clipping his letters and pasting them upon the wall above his bench. He stationed another bench opposite and all was prepared for the boys next day.

Don went to bed that night with a light heart. He prayed God that He might bless him in his under-taking.

Daily the boys grew intellectually. Walking along Front Street you might have seen a group of boys laboriously spelling the bills letter by letter, word by word, and sentence by sentence. As the class grew Don became aware of his own inability; he searched

his wits to teach them more, but he was destined not to do so.

The days had become cold, the streets were covered with dirty snow. A dreadful plague had settled upon the city, especially raging in the tenement houses; its increase was alarming, its attack generally fatal. The long row on Front Street did not escape. One, two, three, until there were many cases. Charley Thompson, the brightest of Don's scholars, succumbed to its fatality and now the dreadful disease settles upon the master. Slowly it progressed; his face was crimson, then his skin became polluted. He raged, he tossed on his bed crying for water, his mind wandered, he uttered cries for Mary, his wife, accompanied by his declarations of his love for her.

The day was gloomy, it was raining; the dampness had completely loosened the yellow bill and just as that mark of the pestilence fell the spirit of "Don Cob" was loosened from earthly toil. Unwept for, friendless, he lay, but a heavenly home of peace and happiness was surely in store for him.

DE GUSTIBUS NON EST DISPUTANDUM.

Some like a hand that's long and slender,
Tipped with pink nails like the sea-side shell
And sing its praises so sweetly tender,
In those amorous words poets love so well.

But others thinking this deceit,
Lay their affection at the shrine
Of her whose hand is plump, petite,
And think that that's the hand divine.

But I to either of these things
Prefer, I speak without a blush—
A moneyed hand—well, say three kings,
An even full house, or flush.

—Record.

Scene, Campus before College. Time, gloaming. A figure with long legs and a mustache glides from East Wing and soars across Campus. *A* to *B*: "Say, what is that there? it's as constant and as regular as a Waterbury." *B*. "Why, doncher know? that's Gib, going over to see Doc." *A*. "Oh!"

KIND WORDS.

I thank you friend for your kind words,
 They prove your nature deep and true;
 And, as the warbling song of birds,
 They stir my heart in depths anew.

They come as light, refreshing showers
 After a long and sultry day;
 That bring the fragrance from the flowers,
 And clear the dust and heat away.

As early spring when winter's fray,
 Has left the land both bare and bleak;
 Sunshine and rain alternate play,
 To strengthen buds that blossom weak.

As manly son to mother's arms,
 When he returns from distant climes;
 Around her heart he weaves new charms,
 His voice then rings as tuneful chimes.

As lover bold to maiden fair,
 Whose cheek the rosy blush will dye,
 Should he caress her wavy hair,
 Or bend to her his love-lit eye.

As gleeful child, with tott'ring feet,
 Who firmly to your finger clings;
 As laughter peals out loud and sweet,
 And through the brain the pure tone rings.

As liberty to pris'ner freed,
 Who long has dwelt in durance vile;
 His heart did there in torment bleed,
 Now freedom's hope its thoughts beguile.

As Christ to the repentant soul,
 Who lingers long in lap of sin;
 Away He will all burdens roll,
 And for that soul fair favors win.

As life-boat to a shipwrecked man,
 When on a rugged rock-bound shore;
 As doctor to a patient wan;
 Who writhes in pain of anguish sore.

As bread to widow poor and lone,
 When her young starving children weep;
 Kind words will mournful thoughts dethrone,
 And from the heart all sorrow sweep.

Kind words will prove that friends are nigh,
 Where'er we roam, where'er we be;
 They still the heart's sad homesick sigh,
 For through their lens our home we see.

You gently prove that friendship treads
 Our footsteps if we seek to find;
 And as a garment's hidden threads,
 Kind words will friendship firmly bind.

I value friend the lovely thought
 That interweaves your gracious lines;
 Its charm my heart and brain has caught,
 As sleep my sight and sense entwines.

Locals.

The Junior's have finished Mechanics.

A large number of students attended the Gilmore Band Concert.

With regret we learn of the death of the only child of Jack Madeira, '85, at Chillingoth.

The Bishop-elect G. W. Smith, President of Trinity College, spent a few hours here on Wednesday last.

The Senior class in Electricity, accompanied by Dr. Sterling, visited and inspected the electric light plant in Mt. Vernon on Dec. 12.

Term closes the 18th. The indications are however, that a few will stay over several days to settle up their affairs.

We were under the impression that complementaries to the shows given by the Kenyon Dramatic Co., were contrary to their code, but still a few were *surreptitiously* given, presented and honored—at their latest production.

Mr. C. H. Arndt, '89, has been suffering from a severe attack of tonsilitis, which has caused his absence from recitations. His recovery and reappearance is a pleasure to his many friends.

Our latest freak was a Stag dance at which all surplus energy was worked off with *cclat*. Our effeminate members were in attendance in full evening costume—and were at a premium. It may have been their scarcity, value or possibly from their personal attractions, as to which we are undecided. The male portion of the assembly appeared as usual in costumes representing the different nationalities. The musical part of the program was gratuitously given by our college orchestra, still extant, home(ly) talent.

It seems to be quite patent that among our list of fellows there is some one unprincipled enough to act as a reporter to all in-

quiring persons of all the internal workings of the college, and not only does he confine himself to incidences true, but ranges off upon those purely imaginary and fictitious. "It is unnecessary to mention the gentleman's name." It seems sad that Kenyon should shelter such a snake; should he be desirous of airing himself upon such affairs let him do so to those concerned, not spread such reports where they can do nothing but harm.

On the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 5th, the *elite* of the town was assembled in Philomathesian Hall, the audience of an amateur performance, a melo-drama, "*Above the Clouds*," also a farce, "*Ici on parle Français*." Though the acting of some might to a slight degree be improved upon, still as a whole it was highly creditable and exhibited upon the part of the participants not only due application and study of their parts, but also a natural ability and genius seldom displayed on a scale so extensive. So far above the general matter of the play, was the acting of the dramatis-personae, that the attention of all was directed critically upon the plot, if such there was—which unfortunately could but ill bear close inspection.

A feature by no means the least liable to attract attention, at the late exhibition above mentioned, was the orchestra, composed of the students on the Hill. When upon considering the brevity of the time allotted them for practice, and the difficulty in inducing a sufficient number of those musically inclined to take part, credit must certainly be given them. After such an auspicious commencement, it should not die with one performance, but should be perpetuated and try to improve with age. Material is abundant, but the necessary inducements seem to be minus.

THE RULING PASSION EVER PROMINENT.

Tragedy—Scene, College Chapel. Time, Sunday morning. Congregation standing about to recite the Creed. Mac. skillfully slips a crib from his overcoat pocket into his hand and proceeds to make a perfect

recitation, while Gavin in an agony of despair, vainly winks at Mac. to pass it to him. Mac. refuses and Gavin pants. Curtain drops. No tableau. This performance repeated free of charge at every Chapel. Seats free.

COMMENCEMENT CONTESTS.

Those who were absent last Commencement may be interested in reviewing the result of the various athletic contests. Following were the contests and the winners:

Standing High Jump	H. J. Eberth
Running High Jump	H. J. Eberth
Standing Broad Jump	H. J. Eberth
Running Broad Jump	H. J. Eberth
Throwing Hammer	H. J. Eberth
Putting Shot	H. J. Eberth
High Kick	H. J. Eberth
Vaulting	H. J. Eberth
Hop, Skip, Jump Standing	H. J. Eberth
Hop, Skip, Jump Running	H. J. Eberth
Base Ball Throw	H. J. Eberth
Boxing, Heavy Weight	A. L. Thurman
Boxing, Light Weight	W. Beeson
Wrestling, Heavy Weight	C. A. Ricks
Wrestling, Light Weight	G. Buttolph
Bicycle Race	G. Buttolph
Mile Walk	G. Curtis
$\frac{1}{4}$ -Mile Run	G. F. Dudley
$\frac{1}{8}$ -Mile Run	G. F. Dudley
Hurdle Race	G. W. Harris
100 Yard Dash	C. W. Hotchkiss
Potato Race	W. Beeson
Tennis, Double	F. and C. Curtis
Sack Race	J. H. Shroyer

For the prize drill four prizes were offered. These were won in their order by Sargeant Miller First Prize
Private Ferris Second Prize
Private Green Third Prize
Sargeant Moralee Fourth Prize

Records were broken as follows:—

Standing High Jump; High Kick; Throwing Hammer; Putting Shot; Hop, Step and Jump, by H. J. Eberth; Mile Walk, by G. Curtis, and 100 Yard Dash, by C. W. Hotchkiss.

Unfortunately the last was not made in the regular contest, but was a second attempt, and so cannot go upon the record except as a personal one. The time was remarkably good, 10 seconds, lowering the previous record by $\frac{1}{4}$ second. Most of the winners are still looking for the prize they strove so hard to win. The committee did not do its work well and needs the sym-

thy and financial assistance of all benevolently inclined.

OBITUARY.

A. H. MOSS, Esq.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. A. H. Moss, which occurred at his home in Sandusky on Thursday, the 6th of December, in the 79th year of his age. For nearly a quarter of a century Mr. Moss has been a Trustee of Kenyon College, and for many years the Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Board. He has done a great deal of work, and a great deal of good work, for the College. He was instant in season and out of season, in attendance upon his duties. He was liberal in gifts of money; and his judgment could be absolutely relied upon for guidance. He was greatly interested in all that concerned the Church, and was for many years a deputy to the General Convention. By his death an honored citizen, and a true man, has been lost to earth; but the memory of the just is blessed.

DR. ELI T. TAPPAN.

This noble man, and true friend of Kenyon College, passed away from earth at his home in Columbus on the evening of October 23, and was buried at Steubenville on the afternoon of October 26.

It is now nearly twenty years since he came to Gambier as President of Kenyon College. In early life he was a lawyer, but afterwards became a teacher, laboring successfully in the latter vocation at Cincinnati, and at the Ohio University at Athens. His Kenyon Presidency covered a period of nearly seven years. In 1875 he resigned this office, but continued to fill a professorship, first of Mathematics, and afterwards of Political Science, until July 1887, when he entered upon his duties of Commissioner of Schools for the State of Ohio. In educational matters he was an enthusiast, caring for higher education, but deeply interested

also in the work of the common schools, so that he was well qualified for almost any work in education. In fact, whilst some wondered that he was willing to accept the office of State School Commissioner, all recognized the fact that no man in the State was so well qualified as he to do this important work.

Dr. Tappan came of a family that has produced many men of mark. His father, Judge Benjamin Tappan, was United States Senator from Ohio in the days of Clay, Benton, Calhoun and Webster, and worthily filled the position. Among his uncles, were Arthur and Lewis Tappan, so prominent in the anti-slavery controversies, and so well known in all philanthropic movements.

Dr. Tappan was worthy of his ancestry. He was a gentleman by instinct and by training. He was a man of unusual power of brain. He enjoyed the advantages of liberal culture, so that in every community in which he lived his presence was one of grace and strength and helpfulness. This was particularly true of his presence in Gambier. Here he was honored and loved.

He believed in Kenyon College, was deeply interested in all that concerned it, and labored wisely for its development. All honor to his memory.

Dr. Tappan leaves a widow, a son, Charles Tappan, Esq., and a daughter, the wife of Professor John H. Wright of Harvard College. They can be comforted as they remember that one so true, so brave, so unselfish, so purely Christian as Dr. Eli T. Tappan, must be a sharer of the immortality of his risen Lord and Master.

The following are the resolutions passed by the College Faculty:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of this world, the soul of our deceased brother, Eli T. Tappan, Doctor of Laws, for many years associated with us in the work of Kenyon College as President and Professor. and,

WHEREAS, Those of us who knew and loved him, desire to honor his memory, be it

Resolved, First, that Kenyon College has lost by the death of Dr. Tappan, a wise, faithful and devoted friend.

Resolved, Second, that we who knew him well, knew him to have been one of the best of men; intelligent, brave, unselfish, true. A strong thinker, an accomplished scholar, a cultured Christian gentleman. By his death our State is deprived of the services of one of her most useful citizens. In all the qualities which go to make up a strong and noble Christian manhood, he stood in the very forefront of our leaders.

Resolved, Third, that we tender to Mrs. Tappan, and to all the members of the bereaved family, our deepest sympathy, commending them to the God in whom he trusted, and whose abiding presence was the strength and the joy of his pilgrimage.

THE OBSERVER.

As I was passing the Postoffice one afternoon I noticed a crowd of college boys waiting for the distribution of the mail. They were amusing themselves in various ways until they saw one of the faculty coming down the path. Then the demon of mischief seemed to put but one thought in the heads of everyone there and that was in every way possible to annoy the professor. They commenced to whistle a martial air and kept this up until the professor had passed out of hearing.

I observed that not only Freshmen who might be excused on the plea of childishness, but members of the other classes as well took part in this disgraceful scene. Probably few of them stopped to think what they were doing. They did not imagine that they were not only subjecting the professor to insult, but themselves to disgrace. It cannot benefit the student to act thus. It will not raise his grade, but will lower him to the well earned contempt of all right minded persons.

I am sure that every student in College wishes to be considered a gentleman, and he can prove that he is one in no better way than by ceasing such actions.

One is constantly annoyed while in the library by the conduct of some of the Freshmen. They come in there nominally for the purpose of consulting and procuring books, but to a person who tries to read, it is disagreeable to have a number of Freshmen about joking and talking. Last year the rule of silence while in the library building and especially in the reading room was fairly well observed, but this year both rooms seem to be given up to the rampant spirits of the Freshmen. The librarians seem either afraid to try and quiet this noisy crew or else out of the goodness of their hearts do not wish to interfere with the childish pleasures of the Freshmen. But these boys should be taught that they do not run the whole College as they seem to think, but that others have rights which must be respected. A good fine placed upon some of these riotous ones might prove to be a blessing. I am sure that many others have been as much annoyed as I have and would be very thankful if the animal spirits of this very juvenile class could be suppressed during library hours.

Among The Colleges.

Brown is yet among those colleges which do not believe in co-education. Her trustees lately settled the question.

Wellesley has 195 freshmen (so to speak) this year and has had to close her doors to more who demanded entrance.

An article in the current number of the *North American Review* on the "Fast set at Harvard," is interesting reading.—*Burr*.

A canvass made of Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Lehigh, Amherst, Dartmouth, Trinity, Union and University of Penn., shows that they all are decidedly Republican in politics. Yale, Trinity, Union and University of Penn., haven't a single Prohibitionist and Harvard has but 13 out of her 1700 students,

Miami is determined that if everybody in this land doesn't know that B. F. Harrison, M. S. Quay and C. S. Brice are among her noted students, it won't be her fault.

W. M. YOUNG,

DEALER IN

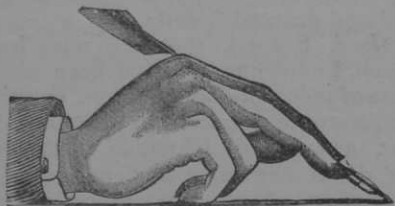
—Diamonds, • Clocks, •—

Fine Watches, Jewelry, Silverware.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY REPAIRED,

AND SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

MT. VERNON, - - - - - OHIO.



Commercial College OF KY. UNIVERSITY,
LEXINGTON, KY.
Occupies 3 Large Halls and 7 Rooms.



Cheapest & Best Business College in the World.
Highest Honor and Gold Medal over all other Colleges at
World's Exposition for System of Book-keeping and
General Business Education. Nearly 1000 Students in
attendance in 1887, from 30 States and foreign Countries. **8000**
Graduates in Business. 10 Teachers employed. Business
Course consists of Book-keeping, Business Arithmetic, Penman-
ship, Commercial Law, Merchandising, Banking, Joint Stock,
Manufacturing, Lectures, Business Practice, Mercantile Corre-
spondence, etc. **Cost of full Business Course, including**
Tuition, Stationery, and Board in a nice family about **\$90.**
Short-Hand, Type-Writing and Telegraphy
are specialties; have special teachers and rooms, and can be
taken alone or with the Business Course. Special Department
for Ladies. Lady Principal employed. **No vacation.** Enter
now. Graduates Guaranteed Success. For circulars, address,
Wilbur R. Smith, Pres't, Lexington, Ky.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

—DEALER IN—

Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

NO. 117 SOUTH MAIN STREET,

Mount Vernon, Ohio.

Our Stock of Trunks and Valises is Complete.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY A

Hat, Trunk, Valise, Underwear, Collars,
CUFFS, FUR CAPS OR SHIRTS,

Please call on us and examine our Stock before you buy. Our desire is to please our customers. Don't forget the place,

NO. 117 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

Come and See Us and Mention THIS PAPER.

We are determined to build up a trade if advertising and fair dealing will do it. No trouble to Show Goods.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, PROPRIETOR,

JAMES STANTON, CLERK,